EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

THEIR LETTERS FROM 1834 TO 1872. THE CHEERFUL EMERSON AND THE GLOOMY CAR-LYLE-THEIR FRIENDS AND THEIR OPINIONS.

"What a hope is in that ever-young heart, cheerful, healthful as the morning !" writes Carlyle to Emerson in 1838. "As for me, you have no conception what a crabbed, sulky piece of sorrow and dyspepsia I am grown; and growing if I do not draw bridle." In the two volumes of correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson edited by Charles Eliot Norton, and about to be published by J. R. Osgood & Co., this contrast drawn by the testy Scotchman is throughout sharply defined, The American writes himself down in a double sense a Man of Concord; the balance, the harmony, the loving and limpid serenity of his nature and intellect are revealed in every paragraph. Asplainly is set forth in the letters he received the gusty, somewhat vain and often selfish temper of that atrabilarian his correspondent. There is hardly a letter from Carlyle which has not its complaint; there are many letters which are masses of complaint, of fierce invective against "gigmanity" and the like, of dessatisfaction with his life and its surroundings. Warm as sunshine, fresh as the sweet air of May is the atmosphere of Emerson' epistles. He often writes of himself and his work to be sure, but the dominant expression is ever that of interest in the personality, the work and the welfare of his correspondent. In not a few of Carlyle's letters, on the contrary, the burden is "I," "I," "I"-mayhap "Ay de mi!" In what manner he prized Emerson may be judged from a letter written in 1837. He mentions his friend's remarkable oration or 'The American Scholar," received not long before.

My friend! you know not what you have done for me there. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jaughing and jabberme there. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jangling and jabbering, and marticulate twittering and screeching, and my soul had sunk down sorrowfal, and said there is no articulate speaking then any more, and thou art solitary among stranger-creatures? and lo, out of the West comes a clear ut erance, clearly recognizable as a man's voice, and I have a kinsman and brother: God be thanked for it! I cound have wept to read that speech; the clear high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, "There, woman!" She read; and returned, and charges me to return for answer, "that there had been nothing met with like it since Schiller went silent." My brave Emerson! And all this has been lying silent, quite tranqui in him, here seven years, and the "vociferous platitude" dinning his ears on all sides, and he quietly answering no word; and a whole world of Thought has silently built itself in these calm depths, and, the day being come, says qui e softly, as if it were a common thing. "Yes, I am here, too." Miss Martineau tells me, "Some say it is inspired, some say it is mad." Exactly so; no say could be suitabler. But for you, my dear friend, I say and pray heartily: May God grant you strength: for you have a fearful work to do! Fearful I call it; and yet it is great, and the greatest. Of for God's sake keen yourset still quiet. grant you strength; for you have a fearful work to no! Fearful I call it; and yet it is great, and the greatest. O for God's sake keep yoursen still quiet! Do not hasten to write; you cannot be too slow about it. Give no ear to any man's praise or censure; know that that is not it: on the one side is as Heaven if you have strength to keep silent, and climb unseen; yet on the other side, yawning always at one's right-hand and one's left, is the frightfulest Abyss and Pandemonium! See Fenimore Cooper;—poor Cooper, he is down in it; and had a climbing faculty too. Be steady, be quiet, be in no haste; and God speed you well! My space is done.

In the earlier portion of the correspondence Carlyle's key-note was apparently "We two against the world"; and his wife had her own little sympathy with this idea." "I read all that you write," she says to Emerson, " with an interest which I feel in no other writing but my husband's-or it were nearer the truth to say there is no other writing of living men but yours and his that I can read."

Emerson's letters to his friend are full of cordial praise and encouragement, as well as of wise sug-gestion and apt criticism. "I feel like congratulating you upon the cold welcome which you say Teufelsdröckh has met," he writes early in their correspondence.

If care not a doit for Radicalism, nay feel it to be a wretched necessity, unter tor me; Conservation being not unit only but false for which all Entists and before it was all published I and eaten nearly all my words of objection. But do not think it shall lack a present popularity. That it sonid not be known seem; possible, for if a memoir of Labler, Magazine, wow would be the wiser? I but this has too much wit and imagination not to strike a class who would not care for it as a faithful mirror of this year. How, we would be the wiser? But this has too much wit and imagination not to strike a class who would not care for it as a faithful mirror of this year. How, we have the seems to make the word forevermore, whatevor the devise may seem too me the last opinion of society. Truth is ever bonne the last opinion of society. Truth is ever bonne the last opinion of society. Truth is ever bonne in a manger, but is commencated by living till it has all fools for its kingsiom. Fer, far better seems to me the unpopularity of this Philosophical lowed your eminent friend Goethe. With him I am becoming better acquainted, but mine must be a qualified admiration. It is a singular piece of good-nature it you to a pothosorse him. I cannot but influence on his genus, whose if or naments and reliets are poverty and harred, to repose nirty years on chairs of the seems to make the word forever units, whose if or naments and reliets are poverty and harred, to repose nirty years on chairs of the seems to make the more of the seems to make the proposal seems to make the seems to make the proposal seems to make the seems to make the proposal seems to make the s

Then to write luxuriously is not the same thing as to live so, but a new and worse offence. It implies an intellectual defect also, the not perceiving that the present corrupt condition of human nature (which condition this harlot muse helps to perpetuate is a temperary or superficial state. The good word lasts forever; the impure word can only buoy itself in the gross gas that now envelops us, and will sink altogether to ground as that works itself clear in the everlasting effort of God.

May I not call it temperary? for when I ascend into the pure region of truth (or under my undermost garment, as Epicteus and Teureisorockh

into the pure region of truth (or under my undermost garment, as Epictetus and Teutelsoröckh would say, I see that to abide inviolate, although all men tail away from it; yea, though the whole generation of Adam should be heated as a sore off the face of the creation. So, my friend, live Socrates and Milton, those starca Puritans, for evermore! Strange is it to me that you should not sympathize (yet so you said) with Socrates, so tronical, so true, and who "tramped in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force him into the clouds." I seem to see him offering the hand to you across the ages which some time you will grasp.

Carlyle's answer and the extracts which follow it will give the reader a sufficiently clear idea of the body and drift of the correspondence.

CARLYLE ON HIMSELF, GOETHE, EMERSON, ETC.

Carlyle to Emerson, 1834. That you sit there bethinking yourself, and have yet taken no course of activity and can without in-ward or outward hurt so sit, is on the whole rather yet taken no course of activity and can without inward or outward hurt so sit, is on the whole rather
pleasing news to me. It is a great truth which you
say, that Providence can well afford to
have one sit; another great truth which
you feel without saying it is that a
course wherein clear faith cannot go with you
may be worse than none; if clear faith go never so
slightly against it, then it is certainly worse than
none. Io speak with perhaps ill-bred candor, I
like as well to fancy you not preaching to Unitarians a Gospel after their heart. I will say farther,
that you are the only man I ever met with of that
persuasion whom I could unobstructedly like. The
others that I have seen were all a kind of haifwayhouse characters, who, I thought, should, if they
had not wanted courage, have ended in unbeilef;
in "faint, possible Theisin," which I like considerably worse than Atheisim. Such, I could not but
feel, deserve the fate they find here; the bat fate;
to be killed among the rats as a
bird, among the birds as a rat. . . Nay,
who knows but it is doubts of the like kind in
your own mind that you keep for a time inactive
even now? For the rest, that you have liberty to
choose by your own will imerely, is a great blessing,
too rare for those that could ase it so well; nay, often it is difficult to use; but till ill, health of body or
of mind warns you that the moving, not the sitting
position, is essential, sit still, contented in conscience; understanding well that no man, that God
only knows what we are working, and will show
it one day; that such and such a one, who filled
the whole Earth with his hammering and troweling, and would not let men pass for his rubbish,
turns out to have built of mere coagulated

froth, and vanishes with his edifice, traceless, silently, or amid hootings illimitable; while again that other still man, by the word of his mouth, by the very look of his face, was scattering influences, as seeds are scattered, "to be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years," I beg your pardon for all this preaching; if it be superfluous, impute it to no miserable motive.

Your objections to Goethe are very natural, and even bring you nearer me; neverthelass, I am by no means sure that it were not your wisdom, at this moment, to set about learning the German Language, with a view towards studying him mainly! I do not assert this, but the truth of it would not surprise me. Beleve me, it is impossible you can be more a Puritan than I; nay, I often feel as if I were far too much so; but John Knox humself, could he have seen the peaceable, impregnable identity of that man's mind, and how to him, also, duty was infinite,—Knox would have passed on, wondering, not reproaching. But I will tell you in a word why I like Goethe; his is the only healthy mind of any extent that I have discovered in Europe for long generations; it was he that first convincintly proclaimed to me (convincingly, for I saw it done); Behold, even in this scandalouss exeption-epicurean generation, when all is gone but hunger and can', it is still possible that man be a man! For which last Evangel, the confirmation and rehabilitation of all other Evangels whatsoever, how can I be too grateful? On the whole, I suspect you yet know only Goethe the Heathen (Ethnic); but you will know Goethe the Christian by and by, and like that one far better.

And then as to "misery" and the other dark ground on which you love to see genius paint itself —aigs! consider whe her misery is not ill health too; also whether good fortune is not worse to bear than bad; and on the whole whether the elorious serene summer is not greater than the wildest hurreane—as Light, the Natura ists say, is stronger a thousand times than Lightning. And so I appear to Philip sober—and indeed have hardly said as much about Goethe since I saw you, for nothing reigns here but twilight delusion (Luser for the time than midnight darkness) on that subject, and I feel that the most suffer nothing thereby, having properly nothing or little to do with such a matter; but with you, who are not "seeking recipes for happiness," but something far higher, it is not so, and therefore I have speken and appealed; and hope the new curiosity, if I have awakened any, will do you no mischief.

Bu now as to myself; for you will grumble at a sheet of speculation sent so far: I am here still, as Rob Roy was on Glasgow Bridg-, biding tryste; busy extremely with work that will not profit me at all in some senses; suffering rather in health and nerves, and still with nothing like dawn on any quarter of my horizon. "The Diamond Neckhace" has not been printed, but will be, were this "French Revolution" out; which latter however, drags itself along in a way that would fill your benevolent heart with pity. I am for three small volumes now, and have one done. It is the dreadfulest labor (with these nerves, this liver) I ever undertook; all is so inaccurate, superficial, vague, in the numberless books I consult; and without accuract at least, what other good is possible f Add to this that I have no hope about the thing, except only that I shall be done with it; I can reasonably expect nothing from any considerable class here, but at best to be solded and reproached; perhaps to be left standing "on my own basis," without note or comment of any kind—save from the Bookseler, who will lose be scolded and reproached; perhaps to be left standing "on my own basis," without note or comment of any kind—save from the Bookseller, who will lose his printing. The hope I have, however, is sure: If life is lent me, I shall be done with the business; I will write this "History of Sansculottism," the notablest obenomenou I meet with since the time of the Crusades or earlier; after which my part is played, As for the future, I heed it little when so busy; but it often seems to me as if one thing were becoming indisputable; that I must seek another craft toan literature for these years that may teman to me. Surely, I often sav, if ever man had a finger-of-Providence shown him, thou hast it; literature will neither yield the bread nor a stomach to digest bread with; quit it in God's name, shouldst thou take spade and mattock instead. The truth is, I believe literature to be as good as dead and gone in all parts of Europe at this moment, and nothing but hungry. Revoit and Radicalism appointed us for perhaps three ge crations; I do not see how a man can honestly live by writing in another dialect than that, in England at least; so that if you determine on not living dishonestly, it will behove you to look several things full in the face, and ascertain what that, in England at least; so that if you determine on not living dishonestly, it will behove you to look several things full in the face, and ascertain what is what with some distinctness. I suffer also terribly from the solitary existence I have all along had, it is becoming kind of a passion with me to feel myself among my brothers. And then How f Alas! I care not a dott for Radicalism, may I feel it to be a wretched necessary, unnt for me; Conservatism being not unfit only but false for me; yet these two are the grand Categories under which all English spiritual activity that so much as thinks removeration possible must range itself. I look around ac-

SOME ENGLISH CELEBRITIES.

Carlyle to Emerson, 1835.

Did I tell you that I saw Wordsworth this winter! I wice, at considerable length; with almost no disappointment. He is a natural man (winch means whole immensities here and now); flows like a natural well yielding mere wholesomeness,—though, as it would not but seem to me, in small quantity, and astonishingly diluted. Franker utterance of mere garruities and even platitudes I never heard from any man; at least never, whom I could honor for uttering them. I am thankful for Wordsworth; as in great darkness and perpetual sky-rockets and corniscations, one were for the smallest clear-burning farthing candle.

Southey's complexion is still healthy mahogany-brown, with a fleece of white hair, and eyes that seem running at full gallop. Leigh Hunt, "man of

asmuch as a good mind creates wants at every stroke.

stroke.

EMERSON ON "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

Emerson to Carlyla 1837.

"The French Revolution" did not reach me until three weeks ago, having had at least two long pauses by the way, as I find, since landing. Between many visits received, and some literary haranguing done. I have read two volumes and half the third: and I think you a very good giant; disporting yourself with an original and vast ambition of fun; pleasure and peace not being strong enough for you, you choose to suck pain also, and teach fever and famine to dance and sing. I think you have written a wonderful book, which will last a very long time. I see that you have created a history, which the world will own to be such. You have recognized the existence of other persons than officers, and of other relations than civism. You have troken away from all books, and written a mind. It is a brave experiment, and the success is great. We have men in your story and not names merely: always men, though I may doubt sometimes whether I have the historic men. We have great facts—and selected facts—truly set down. We have always the co-presence of flummnity along with the imperfect damaged individuals. The soul's tight of wonder is still left to us; and we have righteous praise and doom awarded, assuredly without cant. Yes, com'ort yourself on that particular, O mgodliest divine man! thou camest never. Finally we have not—a dull word. Never was there a style so rapid as yours—which no r-ader can outrun; and so it is for the most intelligent. I suppose nothing will astonish more than the andacious wit and cheerfulness whech no tragedy and no magnitude of events can overpower or daunt. Henry VIII. loved a Man, and I see with joy my bard always equal to the crisis he represents. And so I thank you for your labor, and feel that your contempora teaought to say, All hall, Brother! hye forever; not only in the great Soul which thou largely inhalest, but also as a named person in this thy definite deed.

I will tell you more of the book when I have once got it at EMERSON ON "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

helest, but also as a named person in this thy definite deed.

I will tell you more of the book when I have once got it at local distance—if that can ever be—and muster my objections when I am sure of their ground. I must, of course, that it might be more simple, less Gothically efflorescent. You will say no rules for the il unmantion of windows can apply to the Aurora borealis. However, I find refreshment when every now and then a special fact slips into the narrative conched in sharp and business-like terms. This character-drawing in the book is certainly admirable; the lines are ploughed furrows: but there was cake and ale before, though thou be virtuous. Clarendon surely drew sharp outlines for me in Falkland, Hampden, and the rest, without defiance or sky-vailting. I wish I could talk with you tace to face for one day, and know what your uttermost frankness would say concerning the book.

THE SOCINIAN "TEMPEST IN A WASHBOWL." THE SOCINIAN "TEMPEST IN A WASHBOWL."

Carlyte to Emerson, 1830.

I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded life; consumming, if possible in silence, my considerable daily allotment of pain; glad when any strenath is left in me for working, which is the only use I can see himyself—too tere a case of late. The ground of my existence is black as Death; too black, when all void too; but at times there paint themselves on it pictures of gold and rainbow and lightning; all the brighter for the black ground, I suppose. Withal I am very much of a fool. A certain Mr. Coolidge, a Boston man of clear iron visage and character, came down to me the other day with Summer; he left a newspaper fragm int, containing. "The Socinian Pope's Denuncation of Emerson." The thing denounced had not then arrived, though often asked for at Kennet's; it did not arrive till yesterday, but had lain buried in bales of I know not what. We have read it only once, and are not yet at the bottom of it. Meanwhile, as I judge, the Socinian "tempest in a washbowl" is all according to nature, and will be profitable to you—not hurtful. A mon is called to let his light shine before mon; but he ought to understand better and better what medium it is through, what returns it falls on; wherefore look there. I find in this, as in the two other Speeches, that noblest self-assertion, and believing originality, which is like sacred fire, the beginning of whatsoever is to flame and wors; and for young men especially one sees not what could be more vivifying. Speak, therefore, while you feel called to do it, and when you teel called. But for yourself, my friend, I prophesy it will not qo always; a faculty is in you for a sort of speech which is itself action, an artistic sort. You tell us with piercing empasis that man's soul is great; show us a great soul of a man, in some work symbolic of such; this is the seal of such a message, and you will feel by and by that you are called to this. I long to see some co-crete I hing, some Event, Man's Life, America Cartyle to Emerson, 1830.

I lead a most dyspeptic, solitary, self-shrouded ife; consuming, if possible in silence, my con-WEBSTER A MASTIFF-MOUTHED MAN.

WEBSTER A MASTIFF-MOUTHED MAN.

Carlyle to Emerson 1839.

Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daviel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, this is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs we make in Yankee lengthshman, such Limbs we make in Yankee land! As a Lozio-fencer, Advocate or Parliamentary Hercules one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull blick eyes under their precipice of brows, like doll anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mistiffmonth, accurately closed. I have not traced as much of silent Berserkir- age, that I remember of, in any other man. "I guess I should not like to be your mager!"—Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly bred man, though not English in breeding; a man worthy of the best reception from us, and meeting such, I understand. He did not speak much with me that morning, but seemed not at all to dislike ms. I meditate whether it is fit or not fit that should seek out his residence, and leave my card ms. I mentiate whether it is not on it that should seek out his residence, and leave my card too, before I go! Probably not, for the man is political, seemingly altogether; has been at the Queen's lever, etc., etc. It is simply as a mastiffmonthed man that he is interesting to me, and not

otherwise at all. EMERSON ON WEBSTER.

Emerson to Cartyle, 1839. Icannot tell you how glad I am that you have seen my brave Senator, and seen him as I see him. All my days I have wished that he should go to England, and never more than when I listened two or three times to debates in the House of Commons. We send out usuady mean persons as public agents, mere partisans, for whom I can only hope that no man with eyes will meet chem; and now those thirsty eyes, those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine, those fatal percentions, have fallen full on the great forehead which I followed about all my young days, from court house to Senate ful on the great forehead which I followed about all my young days, from court house to Senate chamber, from caucus to street. He has his own sms no doubt, is no saint, is a producal. He has his no doubt, is no saint, is a producal. He has his own sms no doubt, is no saint, is a producal. He has drunk this rum of Party too so long that his strong head is soaked, sometimes even like the soft spong so but the "man's a man for a' that." Better, he is a great boy—as wilful, as no chalant and good humored. But you must hear him speak, not a show speech which he never does well, but with cause he can strike a stroke like a smith. I owe to him a hundred fine hours and two or three mouneals of Eloquence. His voice in a great house is admirable. I am sorry if you decided not to visit him. He loves a man, too. I do not know him, but my brother Edward read law with him and loved him, and afterward in tick and unfortunate days received the steadiest kindness from him.

CARLYLES PICTURES OF D'ORSAY AND OF LAN-

CARLYLE'S PICTURES OF DORSAY AND OF LANDOR.

standard charges from him.

Def 1 cell you that I ask who down with a window the means who immensites irred and now; I charge it is until the time decade, and the properties of disappe-intment. He is a natural man (winch means who immensates irred and now); I charge it is not to disappe-intment. He is a natural man (winch means who immensates irred and now); I charge it is not to the properties of the pro Cartyle to Emerson, 1840,

seen some other Lions, and Lion's-providers; but consider them a worthless species.

seen some other Lions, and Lion's-providers; but consider them a worthless species.

EMERSON'S SORROW AND CARLYLE'S SYMPATHY.

Emerson to Carlyle, 1842.

My dear friend, you should have had this letter and these messages by the last steamer; but when it sailed, my son, a perfect little boy of five years and three months, had ended his earthly life. You can never sympathize with me; you can never know how much of me such a young child can take away. A faw weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ours-lves with at home every morning and evening? From a perfect health and as happy a life and as happy injuncted the latth and as happy a life and as happy injuncted to find a such a such a such a such a such a such as the such as such as the such as such a such as the such as such too will grieve for us, afar.

too will grieve for us, afar.

This is heavy news that you send me; the heaviest ontward bereavement that can befall a man has overtaken you. Your calm tone of deep, quiet sorrow, coming in on the rear of poor trivial worldly businesses, all punctually dispatched and recorded too, as if the Higher and Highest had not been busy with you, tells me a sad tale. What can we say in these cases? There is nothing to be said—nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael, and every thinking heart, from of old have learned to say: God is great! He is terrible and stern; but we know also He is good. "Though He slav me, yet will I trust in Him." Your bright little Boy, chief of your posse sions here below, is rapt away from you; but of very truth he is with God, even as we that yet live are—and sarely in the way that was best for him, and for you, and for all of its. Poor Lidian Emerson, poor Mother! to her I have no word. Such polygant, inspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a Mother bereft of her child. The poor sparrow in the bush affects one with pity, mourning for its young; how much more the human soul of one's Friend! I cannot bid eer be of comfort; for there young; how much more the human soul of one's Friend! I cannot bid her be of comfort; for there is as yet no confort. May good Influences watch over her, bring her some assuagement. As the Hebrew David said, "We shall go to him, he will not return to us.

not return to us."

ALCOTT A DON QUIXOTE.

Cartyle to Emerson, 1842.

Directly about the time of Sterling's departure came Alcott, some two weeks after I had heard of his arrival on these shores. He has been twice here, at considerable length—the second time all night. He is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, vericity, and dignity withal, which in minny ways appeals to one. The good Alcott; with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugu at without loving.

As for Alcott, you have discharged your conscience of him manfully and knightly: I absolve you well.

He is a great man and was made for what is greatest, but I now fear that he mas already touched what best he can, and through his more than a prophet's egotism, and the absence of all useful reconcing talents, will bring nothing to pass, and be but a voice in the wilderness. As you do not seem to have seen in him his pure and nobic intellect, I fear that it lies under some new and denser clouds.

denser clouds.

Carlyle to Energon.

What you say of Alcott seems to me altogether just. He is a man who has go into the Highest intelectual region—if that be the Highest (though in that too there are many stages) wherein a man can believe and discern for himself, without need of help from any other, and even in opposition to all others; but I consider him entirely unlikely to accomplish anything considerable, except some kind of crabbed, semi-perverse, though still manful existence of his own; which indeed is no despicable thing. His "more than prophetic crotism."—alms, yes! It is of such material that Tachard Eremites, Sect-founders, and all manner of cro-sgraned fanatical monstressites have fashnoned themselves—in very high, and in the linguist regions, for that matter. Sect-founders all manner of cro-sgraned lantical monstrostics have fashsoned themselves—in very high, and in the inglest regions. For that matter, Sect-founders with a reachest I do not like. No truly great man from Jesus Christ downward, as I o'ten say, ever founded a Sect—I mean wilfully intended founding one. What a vew must a man have of this universe, who thinks "be can swallow it all," who is not doubly and trebly happy that he can keep it from swallowing him! On the whole, I sometimes hope we have now done with fanctics and agonistic Fosture-makers in this poor world; it will be an imense improvement on the past; and the "New Iseas," as Alcott calls them, will prosper greatly the better on that account. The old gloomy Gottic calledrals were good; but the great bine Dome that hangs over all is better than any Cologne one. On the whole, do not tell the good Alcott a wors of all this; but let him love me as he can, and live on vegetables in peace; as I, living partly on vegetables, will continue to love him!

tables, will continue to love him?

THE SAD AND SOLITAR! TENNYSON.

To-day I get auswer a out Alfied Tennyson; all is right on that side. Moxon informs me that the Russel Books and Leter arrived duly and were duly forwarded and safely received; hay, urther, that lefunyson is now in Town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad. Alfred is one of the few British or Foreign Figures (a not increasing number I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me;—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say. Brother! However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody indeed, being man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwellin in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of Chao about him, in short, which he is manufacturing int

an an element of gloom, entrying a oit of those about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos!

Affred is the son of a Lincolnshire Gent eman Farmer, I think; indeed, you see in his verses that he is a native of "monted granges" and green, fat rastures, not of mountains and their torrents and storms. He had his breeding at Cambridge, as if for the Law or Church; being master of a small annaity on his Father's decease, he preferred chibbing with his Mother and some Sisters, to live unpromoted and write Poems. In this way, he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, fodging in some old corrades rooms. I think he must be under forty, not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-langhting hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown co plexion, aimost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-andeasy;—smokes infinite to-bacco. His voice is musical metallic,—fit for lond langhter and piercing wall, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet in these late decades, such company over a pipel—We shall see what he will grow to, ite is often unwell; very chaotic,—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathress; not handy for making out many miles upon. (O Paper!)

"IF ALMOST ALL BOOKS WERE BURNI."

THE ALMOST ALL BOOKS WERE BURNT. "IF ALMOST ALL BOOKS WERE BURNT."

Carlyle to Energine, 1846.

I grow to care about an astonishingly small number of things as times turn with me! Man, all men seem radically dumb; jubbering mere jargons and noises from the teeth outwards: the inner meaning of them—of them and of me, poor devils—remaining shut, burned lorever. If almost all books were burnt (my own latd next the cool). I sometimes in my sphen feel as if it really would be better with as!

Certainly could one generation of men be forced to

ously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around bim. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily he is not between the property and pr that every man ought to have. Unhappily he is not a strong man; one might say a weak man rather; and has not the least prudence of management; though if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so, he may produce, even in this way, a great effort. God grant it, say I. Fronde is coming to you in October. You will find him a most clear, friendly, ingenious, solid and exceilent man; and I am very glad to find you among those who are to take care of him when he comes to your new Country. Do your best and wisest toward him, for my sake, withal. He is the valuablest Friend I now have in England, nearly though not quite altogether the one man in talking with whom I can get any real profit or comfort.

Excellent portraits of Carlyle and of Emerson are

Excellent portraits of Carlyle and of Emerson are given in these volumes, and display as clearly as do their letters the widely differing natures of the men. The correspondence has been edited discretely and with defined taste, and will be for long a source of enjoyment and of discussion to students of c haracter and literature.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE EAR,-Some children have a propensity to put small objects which hap pen to come into their hands, such as beads, buttons, th eeds of fruit, etc., into their cars. The alarm attending a mishap of this kind is only fully appreciated by parents whose children have indulged in a predilection of this kind, and they, as well as others, may profit by some experiences which the aurists of New-York have quite re cently discussed in the columns of The Medical Record concerning the removal of locust beans from the ears of children. In one case-a child nine years old-where a detached the outer ear, an operation which seemed to afford the only way of getting at the bean, which had afford the only way of getting at the bean, which has been tightly packed in the canal. Dr. Sexton relates another, but somewhat similar, difficult case, which suggested to him the construction of forceos for grasping objects in the ear, and which subsequently served him in removing foreign bodies in such cases. It would appear from a perusal of the Record that in nearly all cases where foreign bo des like the above are put into the ear they may be allowed to remain, for a time at least, without fear of harm resulting, the danger in such cases being the result of unskilful and bun ling attempts at removal. The principal cause of danger in these cases is stated by Dr. Sexton to consist mainly in the lumbility of children to remain quiet enough to permit necessary manipulations being male, and he advises, therefore, that in nearly all difficult cases an amestacic should be administered before removal is attempted. In conclusion, it would seem to be advisable when a child gets a bend, a seed or other like object in the ear, not to poke it many way, lest, during the child's struggling, it may be causact further down into the ear. The removal, it is needless to say, should be entrusted to the skilful only, and if such aid be not accessible, it is best to avoid any energetic procedules. been tightly packed in the capal. Dr. Sexton relates an-

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